

DELL

ROY ROGERS

JULY-AUG.
Still 10¢

AND TRIGGER

Roy leads Roy Junior
and Bullet on an
Alaskan Adventure -
"The Trail of the Kayak"



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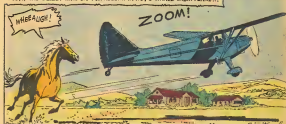
ENCLOSE GIFT CARD TO READ FROM:

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AFTER HASTILY PACKING THE THINGS THEY NEED FOR THE TRIP, ROY, POSTY, AND BULLET TAKE OFF FOR ALASKA IN ROY'S SMALL CABIN PLANE...



INSIDE THE PLANE...



SO LONG, DOUBLE-
R-BAR! NEXT
STOP, ALASKA!

HOW ARE WE
GOING TO FIND
HARPOON HARRY
WHEN WE GET
THERE?

HE RINGS A TRADING POST
NEAR ANCHORAGE! HIS
NAME'S PAINTED IN HUGE
LETTERS ON THE ROOF!
I'M SURE WE'LL BE ABLE
TO SPOT IT!



I ONLY HOPE WE CAN MAKE IT WHILE
THERE'S STILL DAYLIGHT! WE DON'T
WANT TO HAVE TO LAND ON THE
TUNDRA!

WHAT'S
TUNDRA,
DAD?



IT'S A ROLLING PLAIN, LIKE OUR
OPEN RANGELAND...ONLY THIS
TIME OF YEAR, AFTER THE SUN
HAS TURNED THE FROZEN TOP-
SOIL, IT'S A MUDDY SWAMP!
YOU'LL SEE IT FOR YOURSELF
BEFORE LONG!

HOURS LATER, ROY AND DUSTY FLY LOW OVER
WET STRETCHES OF SWAMPY TUNDRA...

GEE, DAD, IT'S
BEGINNING TO
GET DARK!

WE'D BETTER LOOK FOR
A FLAT DRY SPOT TO LAND
ON AND MAKE CAMP!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YOU PICKED A
GOOD SPOT FOR
A LANDING,
DUSTY!

BUT NOT FOR SWIMMING!
LOOK AT THE CHUNKS OF
ICE FLOATING IN
THE RIVER!



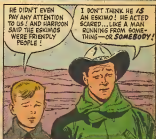
AS DARKNESS APPROACHES...

IT'S LUCKY WE BROUGHT
THE STOVE! THERE'S NO
WOOD FOR A FIRE
ANYWHERE!

THIS PLACE
MUST BE awfully
lonely IN WINTER,
WHEN EVERYTHING'S
FROZEN SOLID!



FOUR HOURS LATER, WHEN DAYLIGHT RETURNS...



SOME TIME LATER, ROY BANKS HIS PLANE FOR A LANDING...



...AND EXPERTLY SETS IT DOWN ON THE CRUDE AIR STRIP BEHIND THE TRADING POST!







ROY DESCRIBES THE MAN IN THE KAYAK...



A SHORT TIME LATER, THE PLANE IS FLYING LOW OVER THE TUNDRA...



AFTER A WHILE...





HEY! THERE IT IS NOW... THERE'S THE KAYAK! THE MAN'S LOOKING UP AT US! I CAN SEE HIS FACE!

IT'S TWO-FACE, FOR SURE!

I'LL DROP SMOKE FLARES! BUT THERE'S NO PLACE TO LAND, RABBOON! WE'LL BOG DOWN IN THE MUD ON THE TUNDRA!



HOW'LL WE HOLD HIM, TELL KASTAK GETS HERE, THEN?

WE CAN'T SHOOT AT THIS HEIGHT AND SPEED! WE MIGHT KILL HIM, OR SINK THE KAYAK!



BUT THERE'S ONE OTHER CHANCE! IF I DIVE DOWN AND BUZZ HIM, IT MIGHT SCARE HIM OFF THE RIVER! IT'S WORTH A TRY! HOLD ON! HERE WE GO!

ROY swoops down in a zooming dive, just above the kayak...



AFTER THE THIRD DIVE...

IT WORKED! HE'S RUNNING THE KAYAK INTO THE BANK! YOU'RE A FIRST-RATE HOGG-WORRING BUSH PILOT, ROY!

GOOD! WE HAVEN'T GAS ENOUGH FOR MANY MORE DIVES!





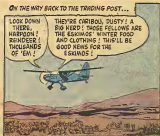
HE'S LEAVING THE KAYAK AND FURS! LOOKS LIKE HE'S HEADING INTO THE HILLS!

THEN WE'LL TRY TO CATCH HIM THERE! HE CAN'T TRAVEL FAST ON FOOT!



WAT, HERE COME KAYAK AND HIS BROTHERS! THEY SAW OUR FLARES! THEY'LL GET THE FURS!

THEN WE'LL HEAD BACK TO THE TRADING POST AND MEET THEM THERE!



ON THE WAY BACK TO THE TRADING POST...

LOOK DOWN THERE, HARPOON! ELKDEER! THOUSANDS OF 'EM!

THEY'RE CARIBOU, DUSTY! A BIG HERD! THOSE FELLOWS ARE THE ESKIMOS' WINTER FOOD AND CLOTHING! THIS'LL BE GOOD NEWS FOR THE ESKIMOS!



WILL YOU TAKE ME CARIBOU HUNTING LIKE YOU PROMISED, HARPOON?

I SURE WILL, DUSTY!



BACK AT THE TRADING POST...

YOUR FATHER GREAT FLY-MAN! MY FATHER GREAT HUNTER! HE TRAPPED THE KING BLUE FOX!

MY FATHER'S A GREAT COWBOY, TOO! I GUESS HE'S THE GREATEST RIDER AND DOZER!

LATER...

HERE'S KARTAK NOW, AND HE'S TOWED
THE KAYAK OF FURS BEHIND HIM!

ARE YOU GOING TO TELL HIM
ABOUT THE CARIBOU, HARPOON?



WE GOT SOME FURS BACK,
BUT TWO-FACE ESCAPE WITH
BLUE FOX! HE BRINGS KAYAK
HERE... NOW GO AFTER THEM
AND FOX, ALSO MAKE HIM
TELL WHERE HIS CATCH
IS HIDDEN!

WAIT,
KARTAK! I HAVE
SOMETHING TO
TELL YOU AND
YOUR TRIBE!



HARPOON TELLS ABOUT THE CARIBOU HERD IN THE
VALLEY...

THE HERD IS BUNCHED NOW!
IT'LL BE EASY TO SURROUND THEM!
THEY MAY SCATTER IF YOU WAIT!



AND THEEKSINGO GATHER TO DECIDE BETWEEN AN
ANIMAL HUNT AND A MAN HUNT...

KARTAK MUST DECIDE! HE IS HEAD OF
FAMILY! BLUE FOX BELONGS TO HIM!



FOOD AND CLOTHING FOR MY TRIBE
WORTH MORE THAN PRIDE OF ONE
MAN! WE WILL HUNT CARIBOU!



A FEW HOURS LATER, THE HUNTERS SET FORTH,
ARMED WITH BOTH ANCIENT AND MODERN WEAPONS...



I'LL LEAD THE WAY TO THE VALLEY! THEN
KASTAK WILL TAKE OVER AND BOSS THE
HUNT!



THANKS FOR
THE SPEAR,
HUKAK! IT'S
SUPER!

MY FATHER MADE
IT FOR YOU! IT IS
SAME SIZE AS
MINE!

FINALLY, THEY REACH THE HILLS THAT ENCLOSE THE
VALLEY AND THE CARIBOU...



WE'D BETTER LEAVE
BULLET IN THE BOAT!

PLEASE LET HIM COME WITH
US, DAD! HE'S PLENTY SHARP
AT ROUNDING-UP STEERS!

THE ESKIMOS SNIFFLY AND SILENTLY SURROUND THE CARIBOU AND,
AT A SIGNAL FROM KASTAK, CHARGE DOWN UPON THE SURPRISED BEAST.



STAY BACK, DUFFY! YOU MIGHT BE TRAMPLED!
KEEP BULLET WITH YOU!

YOU STAY WITH
DUFFY, HUKAK!

THEY ARE RIGHT! THIS
IS MEN'S WORK! IT IS
NOT SPORT TO US! THE
CARIBOU MEAN FOOD OR
STARVATION FOR US IN
THE LONG WINTER
AHEAD!









BIG CHIEF **Roy Rogers**

Roy Rogers is not only the King of cowboys, but he is also a Chief of many Indian tribes. Born in Ohio, Roy is, himself, partly of Choctaw Indian ancestry, just like his little, six-year-old daughter, Dodie. Her real name is Mary Little Doe, and she comes from a long line of chiefs who used to roam the land that is now the state of Mississippi.

Not long ago, while in Wisconsin with her daddy, Dodie met Mr. Ed LaPlante, a Chippewa Indian, and Mr. Morris Wheelock from the Oneida tribe. She told them that her daddy needed a new war bonnet. So, they gave him one.

Debbie Rogers, who is also six years old, was adopted from Korea. Her real name is In Ai Lee, but, in American, she is called Deborah Lee.

Roy teaches all the members of his "tribe" to be proud of their ancestry.

DODIE is older but smaller than **D**EBBIE. Dodie was born March 19, 1952, and Debbie was born August 14th of the same year. They both go to Chaseworth Park Elementary School near the Double-R-Bar ranch, where Dodie is a half grade ahead of Debbie.

Dale Evans says that the little girls are their daddy's special "pets." "He can't pick up one," she adds, "without picking up the other."

But they're good to their mother, too. We don't have any fancy doodads around our house, like dishwashers and such, but our little girls are the best 'dryers' a mother could find. It's been a long time since one of our little 'Indians' has dropped a dish — but it might happen this afternoon."



Queen of
the West

DALE EVANS

THE VOICE
OF THE
EAGLE

DALE
RIDES OUT
TO A
SMALL MINE
DIGGINGS
IN THE
HILLS NEAR
MINERAL
CITY TO
VISIT HER
OLD FRIEND,
JOE MILLS...



UNCLE JOE MUST BE
SOMEWHERE AROUND.
BUTTERNUT! HIS MULE'S
HERE... AND THE DOOR'S
OPEN!



SOMEONE'S
TORN THE
PLACE
APART!
BULLET,
WE'VE GOT
TO FIND
UNCLE JOE!



SUDDENLY BULLET GROWLS AND
DARTS INTO THE MINE TUNNEL...

RIGHT
BEHIND YOU,
BOY!



A CAVE-IN!
OR IS IT MAYBE THERE'S
SOME CONNECTION WITH
THE RANSACKED CABIN?





DALE FINDS PAPER AND A PENCIL IN THE SHACK AND WRITES A NOTE.







TRYING TO CAUSE A
SECOND ACCIDENT,
MISTERY

WHA...?



WELL, IT
DIDN'T WORK!
UNCLE JOE WILL
LIVE TO
IDENTIFY
YOU!

YOU'RE LOSE,
SISTER! I
DIDN'T... YOU
CAN'T PROVE...



'UNCLE JOE CAN'
AND THE SHERIFF'LL
BE HERE SOON!

OKAY! LISTEN,
SISTER... IF YOU
TURN ME LOOSE,
I'LL GIVE YOU
HALF THE GOLD...



IT'S BURIED
IN A HOLLOW TREE
ON THE RIDGE!
LET'S GO!

DON'T MOVE!
WE'RE NOT GOING
ANYWHERE! YOU
JUST TOLD ME
ALL I WANT
TO KNOW!

LATER...



JOE'LL BE ALL RIGHT,
AND WE FOUND HIS GOLD,
THANKS TO YOU, SISTER! BUT
HOW'D YOU KNOW NATE
WAS GUILTY?

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME,
SHERIFF... A SILVER EAGLE!

END PAGE

Roping takes a lot of practice - by Dusty Rogers

I guess most of you have seen my dad on television, but what some of you maybe don't know is that he's a very handy man with a lariat, and he's been trying to teach me.

Funny thing about roping—it's really hard to learn. The trouble is—a rope's real limp, and, unless you get the noose just right, it never will start to spin. Roping takes more coordination than almost anything. You have to keep your wrists real loose, but, at the same time, the movement of your hands has to be just right.

These pictures show Dad and me sitting on the fence while I get the hang of it. In about ten minutes, I had the thing spinning real good.

Then, after a couple of days, Dad took me down to the corral, where we practiced on some calves. Dad could settle a loop down on a running calf pretty nearly every time, but it took me several days before I could come anywhere near getting the noose to settle down right. I don't think I'll ever be a champion, but Dad says that, maybe, if I work hard for a couple of years, he'll enter me in a Junior Rodeo. I'm sure going to try for that.



ROY ROGERS

and **TRIGGER**

in the

SECRET MESSAGE

ROY AND THE AFTERNOON STAGE COACHES TO ARRIVE IN MINERAL CITY AT THE SAME TIME...

HI, ROY! DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE TRAILING US!

I WASN'T! I'VE BEEN RIDING THE SIDE ROAD FROM LEADVILLE! THE SHERIFF HEARD YOUNG BILL BRACKETT HAD BEEN SEEN THERE! HE SENT ME TO INVESTIGATE!

IT WAS ONLY ANOTHER WILD-GOOSE CHASE! THE MAN WASN'T BILL!

SURE HOPE YOU CATCH THAT HIDEOUS, THIEVIN' YOUNG SCOUNDREL!

AFTER WE CATCH HIM, WE STILL HAVE TO PROVE HE KILLED AND ROBBED HIS UNCLE!

SEEMS LIKE YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH PROOF! HE WAS SEEN RUNNING AWAY FROM THE STORE!

AND HE SKIPPED TOWN WITH THE MONEY!

SAY! ALMOST FORGOT! WE'VE GOT AN EXPRESS PACKAGE FOR YOU, ROY!

HERE IT IS!

A DOG! ARE YOU SURE IT'S FOR ME?

YOUR NAME'S ON THE TAG!... ROY ROGERS! AN INDIAN KID PUT IT ABOARD AT BLACKROCK!

AN INDIAN KID?



FIND ANY
TRACE OF
BILL
BRACKETT
YET, ROY?

NOT YET! BUT WE'LL
CATCH HIM!

I SORTA HOPE
HE GETS AWAY!
HIS UNCLE WAS
MIGHTY HARD
ON THE BOY!

BART BRACKETT WAS A MEAN
OLD COWBOY! HALF THE FOLKS
IN TOWN HAD
TROUBLE WITH
HIM!



YOU HAD TROUBLE
WITH HIM NOT LONG AGO,
DIDN'T YOU, PETE?

THAT'S RIGHT!
THE LYIN' OLD
COOT SAID I
JUMPED HIS
CLAIM... AND
THE JUDGE
BELIEVED
HIM!



LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

SOMEBOY **MUST**
HAVE A REASON
FOR GIVING YOU
THAT PUP, ROY!

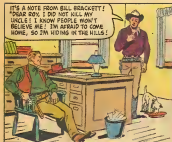
BUT WHO? THERE ARE
LOTS OF INDIAN BOYS IN
BLACKCOCK! THERE'S NO
GENDER'S NAME ON THE
COPPER TAG OF THE DOG'S
COLLAR!



THE COLLAR! IT'S MIGHTY BIG AND
CLUMSY FOR SUCH A LITTLE FELLA!
MAYBE IT HAS THE ANSWER TO THE
MYSTERY!



WHOA... AN OPENING
IN THE LEATHER! THERE'S
A FOLDED PAPER INSIDE
THE COLLAR!



THAT NIGHT, ROY HEADS FOR BLACKROCK...



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AS THE HORSEMAN RIDES
DIRECTLY UNDER ROY'S HIDING PLACE...



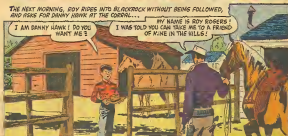
THE TWO MEN STRUGGLE FURIOUSLY AND
SILENTLY IN THE DARK SHADOWS UNDER
THE TREE...



AS THEY ROLL ON THE ROUGH GROUND, THE
STRANGER'S HAND CLOSES ON A ROCK...



THE NEXT MORNING, BOY RIDES INTO BLACKROCK WITHOUT BEING FOLLOWED,
AND RIDES FOR DANNY HAWK AT THE CORRAL...





WHO TOLD
YOU THIS,
WISTER'S

MY FRIEND PUT A MESSAGE IN A
DOG'S COLLAR! HERE'S HIS
LETTER! AND HERE'S
MY DEPUTY SHERIFF'S
BADGE!



NOW I AM SURE YOU ARE BOY
ROGERS! WE MUST BE CAREFUL!
OUR FRIEND IS IN DANGER! I WILL
GET MY PONY AND WE WILL GO
TO HIM!

AFTER A LONG RIDE INTO THE BARREN, TRACKLESS HILLS NEAR BLACKROCK...



BOY! YOU'RE HERE! YOU
FOUND MY MESSAGE! IT
WAS DANNY'S IDEA AND
HIS DOG!

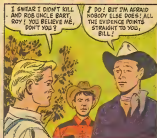
IT WORKED! DANNY'S A
SMART BOY AND A REAL
FRIEND, BILL!

BILL IS MY GOOD FRIEND!
HE FOUND ME IN THE HILLS!
MY LEG WAS HURT AND
HE FIXED IT!



SEE? MY LEG IS WELL!
NOW I WILL HELP BILL!
HE SAID YOU WILL HELP
HIM, BECAUSE YOU ARE
HIS FRIEND, TOO!

I SURE AM!
THAT'S WHY
I'M HERE!



I SWEAR I DIDN'T KILL
AND ROS-CHOLE BART,
BOY! YOU BELIEVE ME,
DON'T YOU?

I DO! BUT I'M AFRAID
NOBODY ELSE DOES! ALL
THE EVIDENCE POINTS
STRAIGHT TO YOU,
BILL!





THEY ARRIVE LATE THAT NIGHT AT THE SHERIFF'S HOME IN MINERAL CITY...



WHEN THE TIRED BOYS ARE IN BED, ROY MAKES A FULL REPORT TO THE SHERIFF...



THEIR FIRST STOP THE NEXT MORNING IS THE LOBBY OF THE PALACE HOTEL...



I DON'T
THINK OUR MAN'S
HERE, SHERIFF!

WHAT'LL WE DO IF WE
SPOT HIM, BOY?

LIE LOW AND TRAIL HIM!
WE'VE GOT TO FIND MORE
EVIDENCE THAN MY HUNCH
TO PROVE HE'S GUILTY!
LET'S GO!



FINALLY,
TWO NIGHTS...

HONKY, SHERIFF! BOY! YOU'RE NOT LOOKIN' FOR
YOUNG BILL BRACKETT IN HERE, ARE YOU?



THERE'S OUR
MAN... PETE
FARCY... OVER
AT THAT CARD
TABLE!

HOPE! JUST MAKING
OUR EVENING
ROUNDS!

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE DOING
RIGHT WELL WITH THE
CARDS, PETE!

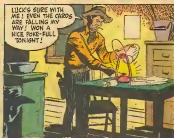
CAN'T COMPLAIN!
DIDN'T SEE YOU
AROUND YESTERDAY,
BOY! BEEN ON
ANOTHER WILD-
GOOSE CHASE
AFTER THE BRACKETT
KID?

MAYBE! HAVE YOU GOT ANY
IDEAS WHERE HE'S HIDING?

HOPE! BUT IT
SEEMS LIKE YOU
SMART LAWYER
MIGHTA BE ABLE
TO TRACK DOWN
A DUMB KID!



AS ROY AND THE SHERIFF LEAVE THE
CITY...







BILL'S VACATION GIFT from DAD!



CORRECT SHOOTING POSITIONS... HOW TO SCORE TARGETS... DAD! NOW HE COULD TRAIN BILL TO SHOOT SAFELY AT REAL TARGETS AT HOME -- IN ANY 20' ROOM OR SPACE. OLD BRICKY STORE BARTONS MAKE BACKSTOPS! AND "AMMO" COSTS ONLY 5¢ FOR 100 SHOTS.



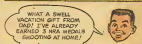
TOTAL SCORE 47



ALSO BILL COULD EARN OFFICIAL NRA MEDALS SHOOTING HIS DAISY AT HOME.



DAD! Buy him that Spring-type **DAISY** now. Safest, best "FIRST GUN" for training. Also mail coupon for 2 FREE training books to give your boy safety through skill--the safer DAISY way!



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how to
get your
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NOW!

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(2) Then tell him some of local store selling Daisys.

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